

40

A
BUTTER'D SLICE,
TO THE OBSCURE AULD MAGISTRATE

WHA ANSWERED
BAILIE SMITH'S ADDRESS. *K*

AND
A WAEFU' TALE;
OR
AN ADDRESS TO THE LORD PROVOST,
ON ACCOUNT O' THE PRESENT DEARTH
O' THE MEAL AND BREAD.

TWO POEMS IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY AN OBSCURE EDINBURGHER.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY J. PILLANS AND SONS,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

1799.

Bailie Smith's affair

BUTTERD SLICED

TO THE RECORD AND MAGISTRATE

THE RECORD

ALMA MATER ADDRESS

THE RECORD

AND

A. W. H. T. T. T.



AN ADDRESS TO THE RECORD

ON ACCOUNT OF THE RECORD

OF THE RECORD AND RECORD.

THE RECORD

TWO POINTS IN THE RECORD

THE RECORD

THE RECORD

THE RECORD

THE RECORD

THE RECORD

P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE—maun I gie ane here ?

Weel, gin I maun, lang be it not ;
But when ilk man his pamphlet writes,
Let it be kent that I hae wrote.
I've nought to brag o', nor do mean
Self-condemnation, na ! not I,
The Public hath the right to judge,
An' on her candour I rely.

Awa wi' a' vain flatt'ring speeches,
Not honest men, but rogues that fleeches.

PRINCE

A PRINCE, I think, is one who
Will stand up for the right
And when he sees his people wrong

Let him know that he has wrong
I've thought to say, and so mean
Self-conceit, and not I

The Prince has the right to
And on her conduct I rely

And yet I am not a prince

As I have said, I am not a prince

A

BUTTER'D SLICE.

I.

WEEL dune, auld bitter beard ! ha, ha !
Ye've gi'en Tam Smith an awfu' fa';
He'll surely hae a brazen front,
Gin he can stand this dreadfu' brunt.
But tak yer foot an' keep him down,
Vile filthie scourge o' our Gude Town,
Wha lous'd the pock-mouth to the Cat,
An' took the lid frae aff the pat.

II.

The lid being aff, the broth did smell,
Whilk did to a' the world soon tell
What was sae nicely fott'ring there :
Fat chucks, an' ducks, an' a' thing rair.

The

The amry, too, he a' expos'd,
 An' a' the secret things disclos'd,
 (Till now kent only to yersels),
 Is open'd up by Tamie's spells.

III.

But wha will heed his unco tale?
 Your abler story, like a flail,
 Has thrash'd it fair, baith back an' side,
 An' blemish'd a' its smooth'd up hide.
 Ye've driv'n his statements in his face,
 An' wi' yer ain supply'd their place;
 Whilk, tho' sic truths they canna brag,
 Will Cat again safe lodge in bag.

IV.

What bus'ness has the vulgar rabble
 To ken what's done on Council Table?
 Or whether they keep books ava?
 Or books be free frae stain or flaw?
 What signifies the debts increasing?
 It's no on individuals pressing.
 The wheels are ay kept tight an' greasy;
 An' Counsellors ride fast an' easy.

V. But

V.

But it beats me to understand
 How some folk has sic great command
 O'er a' their passions ! that fint hate
 Will ruffle them, or gar them fret.
 Tam's manner, we maun a' confefs,
 Looks something like genteel address,
 Ay calm—he freely tells his tale :
 An' ay the Gentleman prevail.

VI.

Now, you hae scorn'd this style o' his,
 An' like a lighted squib ye bizz :
 Amang his legs ye shake yer fire,
 To gar him clash down i' the mire.
 But toots—wha cares how ye serve Tam,
 Wha did sae impudently cram
 His head, frae musty auld cash-books,
 To find out a' the jinkin jouks ?

VII.

Wi' spirit you hae blatter'd out,
 That there was nane had ony doubt,
 That some intended Couns'lers were,
 Frae 'mang that crew, that t'ither year

Had

Had gather'd, for to ding awa
 The King's advisers, ane and a'.
 For ought ye ken'd, the self-same meetin'
 Might mean to change the laws o' Britain.

VIII.

Ye gae M'Leod a pauky trim.
 Quoth you, "E'en sic a man as him
 Did blush to be amang sic folk."
 Sic man! sic folk! hech, what a stroke!
 What gin M'Leod should tak it ill,
 An' offer you a leaden pill;
 Whether wad you accept the dose,
 Or your great string o' honours lose?

IX.

I'm sure ye'd stand till the last drap;
 Yer nae a trembling cow'rdly chap.
 Tho' your braw pamphlet wants yer name,
 It was na' for the dread o' shame.
 Ye only meant to gie't mair weight,
 As it had Tamie Smith to fecht.
 It seems 'twill answer your intent;
 But Tam, I'm fley'd, will ne'er repent.

X. Whan

X.

Whan a' is dune ye hae to fay,
 Ye calm yerfel' without delay ;
 And, like a bosom-friend ye rise,
 Sweet kindness glitt'ring in yer eyes.
 Ye warmly tell the calculator,
 Whar' flows a charming healing water,
 Adapted his disease to cure,
 An' frae French noxious wines to scour.

XI.

Wha e'er ye be, yer pen is bright ;
 We see its merit at first sight.
 Yer ink is black, an' white yer paper ;
 An' you ne'er fash'd to use the scraper.
 Nor did you ever need to blot it ;
 The write remain'd as you first wrote it :
 An' will remain, while round the sun
 The earth her diurnal course shall run !

XII.

The thanks o' honest men receive ;
 Yer braver far than a' the laive
 O' present Bailies, yea, or auld,
 Frae in or out the Council fauld.

For

For nane o' them durst try Tam Smith,
 They a' suppos'd him fu' o' pith;
 But ye hae prov'd their judgement wrang,
 When frae yer brain cheefe cam' a whang.

A

A
WAEFU' TALE;
OR,
THE LABOURING-MAN'S ADDRESS
TO
THE LORD PROVOST O' ENBRO',

ON
ACCOUNT O' THE PRESENT DEARTH
O' THE MEAL AN' BREAD.

GUID Maister Provost, high in station,
Will you attend to an oration,
By a poor auld, half-worn out man,
Which he just means to gie aff han';
Wha has na had a college learnin',
His father ay hae'n sic sma' earnin',
But wha has studied Nature's school,
An' thinks himsel nae downright fool.

Yer humble servant to command,
As poor a man's in a' the land.

IN

IN waefu' state I fan' my frien',
 Wi' hallow cheek, an' hallow een;
 Quoth he, " The times are alter'd, John;
 An' shook his head, an' gae a groan;
 Nor was he able mair to speak—
 I thought I'd hae him soon to streek;
 He turn'd as white's a weeshin clout,—
 I cry'd for help—an' look'd about,
 In hopes some stoup, wi' water near,
 But stoup, nor water did appear.
 I look'd upo' my frien' an' grat,
 An' wi' my tears his temples wat.
 Again he breath'd, an' grew himsel',
 I took his han', and bad him tell
 What pat him in sae sad a plight,
 Quoth I, I'll try to put ye right.

His ha'f-steek'd een began to glimmer,
 He look'd about for a' his timmer,
 His stools, an' chairs, an' draw'rs, an' bed-
 stead,
 An' shook again his rev'rend bald-head;
 Quoth he, " Alas! my sticks are gane,
 An' naithing but bare wa's remain.
 My wife there—ance sae like a lady,
 Wi' downright want's now but a shady;
 Her

Her cheek, that ance was red an' rosy,
Is now—a' 'runkl'd, thin, and fofy ;
Her arms, which were fae plump an' fsmooth
 ance,

The very contrar' hath become fince.
I mind when our meal-barrel was fu' !
But that is lang !—lang fince, I true ;
It's lang fince there was naithing in't,
The barrel itfel', I b'lieve is brunt ;
I canna' fhaw ae thing that's left,
Save that auld knife, without a heft,
Which ablins may ftan' me in ftead,
Gin I can get nae meal nor bread !"—
I cuift a look upo' his wife then,
Wha ftar'd wi' sorrow on the knife then ;
The tears ran doun her hallow cheek,
An' choak'd her ay whan fhe wad fpeak.

O ! Honor'd Sir, had ye been there,
An' feen fic marks o' wan defpair ;
Ye furely had been touch'd wi' pity,
An', like the Head o' a Great City ;
Determin'd then to learn the caufe
O' fic infringement on the laws
That Nature teaches ilka man,
Say'n—Help yer nei'bour as ye can.

I'm

I'm nae a bragger, weel a wat,
 But I shall tell yer Honour what
 I said to this poor starvin' pair :
 " I hae but little meal to spare, }
 But o' that little ye may share, }
 Till Providence yer wants supply,
 Wha sits on Mercy's throne on high !
 Mean time, I'll represent yer case
 Unto the Provost o' this place ;
 An' wha kens, or the tale be dune,
 How he may gar ye change yer tune."
 I'm nae weel vers'd in politics,
 But I've been tell'd o' hidden tricks ;
 They say corn-dealers hoard the grain,
 Till mair convenient time for gain.
 But ye, being better vers'd than me,
 Will clearer through the myst'ry see ;
 But I shall leave it wi' yerfel',
 In hopes yer Honour soon will smell
 Out the black cause o' a' this dearth,
 That famishes an' claws the earth ;
 Yer humble servant then will pray,
 For blessings on ye ev'ry day.
 The poor man's blessing ne'er despise,
 His pray'r for you may reach the skies,

An'

An' gin it be a fervent ane,
Ye'll hae nae reason to complain.

My bannet's aff, to earth I bow !
O mind my pray'r ! My Lord, adieu.

FINIS,
AN ACROSTIC.

FINIS is tail to ilka book,
Indeed it gi'es a finish'd look;
Now, snarling Critic, keep yer nook,
I'm fley'd I'll nae can thole a pook,
Steep your hard pen in yon fast brook.

PILLANS AND SONS, Printers, }
Haftie's Close, Edinburgh. }

4 JA 55



